

A black and white photograph of a group of people in a room. A man in a dark suit and top hat stands on the left, looking towards the camera. A woman in a dark, long dress stands next to him, looking down. Another person is partially visible behind them. The room has a patterned rug and a wall with a decorative border.

(Continued from First Page.)

Church Is Too Exclusive

Conciliation the Watchword.

Trinity Church was crowded when the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Basil T. Davidson, D. D., Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England entered the Copley Square portal of the church, preceded by the long line of bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries a few minutes after 11 o'clock to-day.

SERVICE AS TOP COMES

Best For
The Bowels
Caspacarets

THOMAS F. GAILOR,
Bishop of Tennessee.

"I fail to see wherein the charges of desertion holds good, and therefore I dismiss the libel," said Judge Blodgett of the East Cambridge divorce court to-day, as he

This \$15 \$10
Suits

Hand-tailored, beautiful models, either single or double-breasted styles — exclusive fabrics — one of the greatest values ever

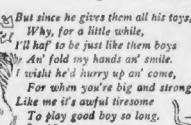


Best For
The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Flies out, Pleasant, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good.
Never Sickens, Weakens or Hurts, 10c. 25c. 50c. Never
sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C.
Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 50c
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

WANT DEPT.
You have a guarantee of the largest circulation in New England and quickest results.

By James Montague



HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

89 AND 92 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, OCTOBER 5, 1904

Women—We Beg
and Beseech You—

Don't Wear Crazy Long Skirts That
Make You Fall Down and Walk
Like a Cow Blindfolded

When you see a beautiful female creature looking off into space, her round eyes shining like stars, her whole mentality riveted on some problem, it is shocking to think that she is trying to think about some new foolishness in dress.

We observe with regret that woman has inaugurated this Fall a brand-new kind of foolishness.

We REFER TO THE SKIRT, LONG IN FRONT, THAT A WOMAN FALLS OVER—the skirt that gathers up microbes ahead, as the trailing skirt used to gather them up behind.

This newspaper is especially the woman's newspaper. We realize what an important work women have to do in the world—we wish they would get at it in a hurry—and we try to divert them from foolish little-nesses that check their progress, waste their time and thought.

If you catch a cannibal and want to make a good Protestant clergyman out of him, you must first cure him of cannibalism.

If you want to make a high-class citizen out of a clay-eating Indian, you must first get him to stop eating clay.

If you want to make a thoroughly useful human being out of a woman, you must coax her away from the foolish fashion ideas which are the stamp of mental inferiority.

Women, don't see how men have outstripped you in their sensible attitude toward dress?

Men used to wear wigs, powdered hair, false calves on their legs, clothes of satin, silk, lace and velvet.

They have stopped all that nonsense, and see what progress they have made.

Woman, on the other hand, still wastes her time on frivolities that are meaningless—or worse than meaningless—because they injure health or detract from modesty.

In the past we have denounced the following things among others—
The kangaroo shape and walk that make women squeeze themselves in below the waist, twist themselves out of Nature's shape, and project themselves through space all out of plumb, like foolish kangaroos.

The foolish, transparent shirt waist, made out of something like mosquito netting, which displays all sorts of ribbons, buttons and other contrivances that ought naturally to be invisible, like the springs of a watch.

The crazy desire of women to appear thin, leading them—so the doctors tell us—to wear brutally tight rubber bandages around their hips, and to starve themselves, or poison themselves with drugs, to make them thinner.

These and many other things we have had to denounce, including the foolish rows of buttons down the back of a dress, the preposterous and unsightly way of walking along with the skirts drawn tightly to one side—not very modest; the eternal high-heeled shoes which prevent deep breathing and spoil digestion; the tight lacing which is a feature of every foolish costume, as bread is a feature of every meal.

Now comes this idiotic invention of dresses, with the skirts so long in front that they must keep kicking out their feet unnaturally in order to keep from stepping on them and falling down.

In New York City a dressmaker very well known is Mrs. Osborn. She is an artist in the contrivance and circulation of all these fashion monstrosities. We protest against her conceptions of dress, although we pay her a very good yearly salary to give all of her ideas exclusively to the readers of this newspaper. Concerning those readers we realize, as every man does, that a woman must have what she wants. We must not try to take it away from her suddenly—we must coax her to give it up.

We shall endeavor to coax women to try to abandon the foolish, newly-invented dresses, long in front, which Mrs. Osborn and the other dressmakers now declare to be fashionable.

Women, we don't ask you to be logical, but to be ALMOST logical. Why do you suffer the tortures of the seventh circle of hell in order to make your feet small, and then invent a dress that will keep anybody from seeing your feet?

Why do you spend your girlhood going to dancing school, learning to walk gracefully, and then put on a dress so long in front as to make you walk in a hesitating, shuffling manner, like the cow you see in a lot with a board in front of her eyes to keep her from jumping the fence?

Won't you try to realize that the great Power which created you knows a great deal better than Mrs. Osborn what you ought to look like?

Get small hats that fit your skull, not huge things with a crown the size of a thumb, that make you walk stiff-necked for fear they will "blew off."

Wear loose, comfortable waists that will give you a chance to breathe.

Have short skirts and good, broad shoes with low heels in which you can walk or jump comfortably. If you think a man wants to marry two deformed feet, you are mistaken—China is the market for such goods.

Wear your gloves one size too large, not two sizes too small. Your heart uses up its energy trying to pump blood to the extremities, your hands and feet, and you use all your infantile ingenuity to squeeze those extremities so that the blood can't go there.

Your hands and feet get cold, the tip of your nose gets pink, you suffer and you look like a half-frozen hen as soon as a weather comes on. Why do you do it?

Wear sensible things, simple things, clean things—and you will be much more popular than the poor, foolish female who makes herself the victim of every foolish fancy.

WORLD TWO DRIVERS HAVE PREVENTED NEIGHBORLY EXPLOSION.
Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

The other day I saw a large auto delivery wagon belonging to one of the department stores, upon which two young men were riding in addition to the driver, brought to a halt by the Motor Journal. I thought what a place that conveyed the best of the world's news and that it would have been a pity if it had been prevented by a CAMPBELL.

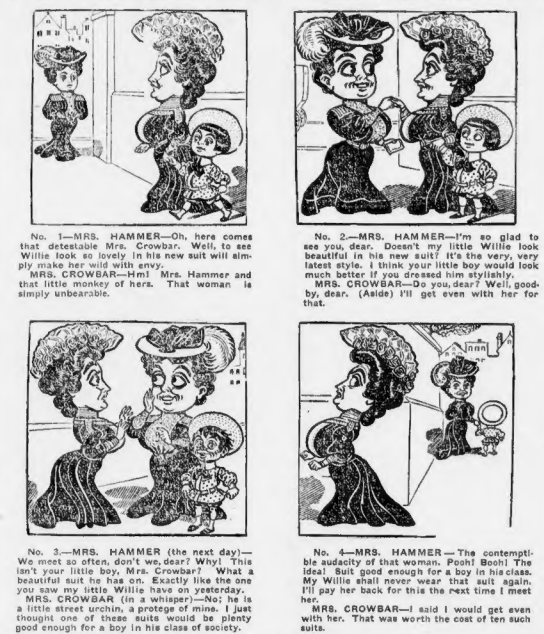
FROM OUR POLITICAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY AMERICAN JOURNAL EXAMINER.



Those Who Have Enjoyed the Adventures of the Katzenjammer Kids in the great Colored Comic Supplement of the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN Will Thoroughly Appreciate This Cartoon.

WHEN MRS. HAMMER AND MRS. CROWBAR MEET



No. 1.—MRS. HAMMER—Oh, here comes that detestable Mrs. Crowbar. Well, to see Willie look so lovely in his new suit will simply make her wild with envy.

MRS. CROWBAR—Hm! Mrs. Hammer and that little monkey of hers. That woman is simply unbearable.

No. 2.—MRS. HAMMER—Oh, here comes that detestable Mrs. Crowbar. Well, to see Willie look so lovely in his new suit will simply make her wild with envy.

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No. 3.—MRS. HAMMER (the next day)—We meet so often, don't we, dear? Why! This isn't your little boy, Mrs. Crowbar? What a beautiful suit he has on. Exactly like the one you saw my little Willie have on yesterday.

MRS. CROWBAR (in a whisper)—No! he is a little street urchin, a protégé of mine. I just thought one of these suits would be plenty good enough for a boy in his class of society.

No. 4.—MRS. HAMMER—The contemptible audacity of that woman, Peep! Boop! The ideal! But good enough for a boy in his class. My Willie shall never wear that suit again. I'll pay her back for this the next time I meet her.

MRS. CROWBAR—I said I would get even with her. That was worth the cost of ten such suits.



HE STOPS HIS CHILDREN FROM EATING GRAPES AND TELEPHONES TO THE DOCTOR.

BARCEL Mrs. Martey—why do you allow the children to eat grapes? Don't you know that grapes always cause appendicitis? Don't you remember that when King Edward was stricken and nearly moribund from the classic and historic scenes where for so long he has moved in majesty that he had been eating about a hundred dollars' worth of hot house grapes?

Willie, drop that bunch you are nibbling at immediately, Bonaparte. If I ever see you with another grape in your hand I shall lock you in your room, I guess I'll see if the most ordinary principles of hygiene can be drilled with impunity right in my own house.

Oh, the doctor didn't say anything of the kind. I don't believe a word of it. I'll telephone him and see. Call up his office. Willie, and tell him your papa would like to talk with him on an important matter.

Oh, say a couple of pounds at a time. Well, five pounds. Call! Yes, I thought so. Well, wouldn't that lead to appendicitis? But I have known of instances when it did.

Oh, many of them. I had a brother-in-law, you know, but I am sure it was directly traceable to the grapes he ate.

You don't mean to say they are harmful for children?

But not the kind with seeds in them! Ah, I thought not. Thank you, Doctor Martey. I want you to throw every grape that these children eat before them away. Dr. Banks says that they are most injurious if taken in large quantities, and especially when they have seeds in them. He said you should buy them seedless.

Mrs. Martey, I want you to throw every grape that these children eat before them away. Dr. Banks says that they are most injurious if taken in large quantities, and especially when they have seeds in them. He said you should buy them seedless.

At last the tender side of trust.

Had I been given by the King (A king, yet, better far, a friend) His chief crown-jewel sans a flaw And sans a price for but the end That I might hold and keep it safe, Ay, guard it with my life until The day when once again to wear It in my crown the king should will;

Then, surely, never a rubbers' den (That's erecution off and I went!) Nor more an evil rustling place of gallowshouse woman's discontent.

I would not chance the Jew's loss. I would not go where dwelleth Jew. There'd be no quarantining of That jewel without flaw and price!

I have been given by the Queen (A queen of mine erection!) Her chief crown-jewel, perfect love, Beyond all Jewels rare and true.

'Tis mine to trust, 'tis mine as long As I shall prove a guardian fair, And faithful, honest and true; Thus fit the gem of gems to wear.

Then, surely, never will I tread The dirty, crooked ways which Make up the quarter of Devon, Wherein the mud is black as pitch.

And stickler, lest there I fall And find the morning of a night, That in the fall was lost for aye, The Queen's crown-jewel, my delight!

Yes, Love of mine, trust! Trust me! Well You may; you can; you shall; you must. I know at last that I deserve To wear the jewel of your trust.

To wear the jewel of your trust.

Little Editorials from the People

SAYS "THE STENOGRAPHER" HAS RED HAIR AND ENDS PERHAPS. DO YOU THINK SO? Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Speaking of editorials, I never miss one word of them in the BOSTON AMERICAN. They are great! With my paper on the first thing I look for—of course, after the list of marksmen—in the editorial.

After that, the prize is held by your latest. After you have aligned the

red-haired girl, minus perfume and long skirts, and the London daily on our side, get into the BOSTON AMERICAN and let the Stenographer and look-averse tell us "honesty editors." As a wandering article I find many intelligent people buying the BOSTON AMERICAN.

Franklin Editorials that, climate and the weather, give us more news for news on the back page. A review of mining the treasure, at others, lampshade the vanguard for following the elephant and the jack-

and not going his way, yet. Can't you see it? A. H. BURGESS.

DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS FRIENDLY CRITIC? Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

In this era of a mighty but hide-bound press it is amazing to note that the BOSTON AMERICAN welcomes criticism. Here are a few "critics":

Put aside those "month," relegating the letter and all other unnumbered stuff to inside pages. Let upper story and keep everything at it. Fill space made vacant by the loss of the "month" with a daily prize editorial, open to all, the common bond being the BOSTON AMERICAN. As a wandering article I find many intelligent people buying the BOSTON AMERICAN.

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JOHNNIE BOSTONBEANS



HE Objects to a Caricature